

And now little black specks, far away in the air
The birds of heaven are coming to flock.
There is a little lake in the farmer's lonely patch.
There is a floating hoe handle;
Floating and floating round and round,
As eddy waters swirl in their new found free.
There will be a big bill of damages
For our company to pay the frightened old farmer
Who dropped his hoe and fled to the city hill.